



Appearances Are Deceptive.

They Don't Have to Vote.

Looks Like Good Thing.

Clean-up Holiday? Sure!

A Little Thing That Counts.

Under a solemn pledge that I would never tell anyone about it, I was told of one incident of the recent Shriners' trip to Los Angeles which heretofore has not found its way into the papers. Just whether the joke is on the two leading members of the Aloha Temple or the high society folks of Los Angeles, I have been unable to figure out for myself, but, from the way the Honolulu nobles talk, they evidently regard themselves as the goats.

The two nobles in question had not been away from the chaste purlieus of Oahu for some years and had not had the chance to appreciate the fall force of that quaint, modern ditty, "Everybody's Doin' It." Consequently, when on the evening after the party had reached the southern Californian city, the two Honoluluans heard music and dropped into a big hall, the floor awbirl with couples, they gave each other wise looks and sundry winks. The way those couples danced was quite enough for the two wise ones from Honolulu to make up their minds just what was what. "We may be from away out in the ocean, but what we know, we know," was their mutual thought, and, being far from home, and "Who's going to know about it, anyhow!" they each resolved to plunge right in the giddy swirl and be sports along with the rest of 'em.

"I don't believe I could dance that sort of hug and step crabwise," said one Aloha noble to the other, "but we can sure hold up our end in this kind of a bunch. Let's show 'em the real, old Honolulu step—the genuine, old hula kuli."

So, arms gracefully waving and body swaying, the two nobles took the floor. The way they kuli-was beautiful to watch, but before they had even begun to stretch themselves and show what they really could do, there was a horrid chorus.

"Oh, the horrid things!" "Who let those drunk Shriners in here, anyhow?" "Disgusting!" "Throw them out!" were a few of the remarks that struck the ears of the gesticulating duo, while every ragger in the hall came to a sudden stop. Then twenty pairs of hands landed on those Arab patrol costumes and in a jiffy there were two Honoluluans picking themselves out of the Los Angeles gutter, with wonder in their eyes.

The trouble was that they had wandered into one of Los Angeles way-up society dances, striking it during the middle of the Bunny Hug, and they had thought it was something different—oh, so different. The next time those Shriners go away, they will not jump to conclusions, just because they see someone dancing the rag.

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The women of Honolulu are still some distance behind their fellow women of California in the matter of having the right to vote, but certainly they are losing no sleep over that, nor are they wasting their valuable time in idle protest. During the week just passed, the ladies of this fair city have been "on the jump," to use a phrase that is more expressive than elegant. Their jumping is to good purpose, also, let me note before I get any further.

Beginning the week, on Sunday a tower was dedicated to the memory of a woman—Alice Mackintosh—and the recital of the influence for good she had been in Honolulu was an eloquent one. On Tuesday, in the two leading churches of the city, a majority of the prominent women of Honolulu gathered to plan their year's work for the betterment of moral and physical conditions in not only the Territory but abroad, the South Seas, China, Japan and Turkey, in which parts of the globe are living missionaries supported wholly or in part by Honoluluans. On Wednesday the women completed their plans for gathering funds for the King's Daughters' Home and they secured the city appropriation for their Kalakaua avenue plan on Thursday. Friday found many of the leading women of the city at the meeting of the free kindergarten association, planning to enlarge the work of the Castle Home for destitute children and to extend the usefulness of the children's playground, adjourning the meeting to offer encouragement to the graduates of the kindergarten training school, whose work will be among the little children of the city in teaching these the first rudiments of Americanism. They also displayed a lively and constructive interest in Clean-up Day plans.

Yesterday, well everyone knows what the women were doing yesterday, with tags and jingly banks.

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Territorial Auditor Fisher recently launched the Mutual Investment Company, and while I recognized the value in a general way of such a corporation, I failed to grasp the wide sweep of the concern until very recently, when a circular letter, signed by William L. Hardy, came to my attention. As the Bystander has always stood ready to back anything for the commercial, physical and moral welfare of the community, I here present Mr. Hardy's circular in full. He says:

"Dear Sir:—The recent organization of the Mutual Investment Company of Hawaii, Ltd., marks the beginning in these Islands of an era of genuine business cooperation, the advance and growth of which is certain to vitalize the individual, corporate, governmental and religious life of the Territory in united, progressive well-being.

"The adoption and cultivation of a cooperative method and spirit in our business life is the direct way to create the environment most conducive to develop and maintain a community life active in realization of the highest degree of spiritual unity, such as shall cause Hawaii to become a great spiritual as well as a great business haven in the life of the world. The time for this conscious double flowering of our life is at hand, the full meaning of which is that to Hawaii is coming the great and unique destiny of consummating the final higher spiritual evangelization of the world, radiating to both the East and the West the transcendental spiritual unity born from above, and which will here become active on the bosom of the great brooding Pacific in advance of the rest of the world.

"Please find enclosed the prospectus of the Mutual Investment Company of Hawaii, and note therein the scope and proposed broad range of the company's activity; the carefully drawn rules safeguarding the stockholders' interests; the low popular price of \$10 per share of stock, which may be subscribed for in one or more shares from time to time as convenient, and, though the price is small, the constant aggregate subscriptions of the Territory will create a compounding stream of prosperity to be mutually shared by all.

"Note, also, the high character and business ability of the promoters of this enterprise, all of whom are men who will sacrifice their private fortunes to maintain their standing in the business life of the community, and, after duly considering this, note finally that the income from your investment will be about fifty per cent more than is paid by the banks, and then 'lend a hand' and invest for your own, and the general good of the Territory."

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While I am thoroughly convinced that there should be a public holiday declared for Clean-up Day, whether it interferes with the general routine of business throughout the Territory or not, because I think the cleaning up of this main part a most important thing for the Territory as a whole, the thing that impresses me most about the pros and cons of the holiday discussion is the fact that everyone takes it for granted that every laborer who works on Saturday, June 20, will demand overtime pay if the holiday is declared. This is taking for granted that every laborer will take advantage of the good work for the general benefit to gouge his employer for money he will not earn.

If the day be not declared a holiday, the laborers will work for their regular pay; if it be declared a holiday, they will do just the same work, but

will demand extra pay. As the only object of having the holiday declared is to do a necessary work of sanitation, in which the poorer classes of the city will most benefit, I can not quite grasp the laborers' idea that extra pay should be theirs, that is, if in the make-up of the average laborer in this country there exists any spark of fairness.

But, even with extra pay in sight, Clean-up Day is worth all that it will cost. As a matter of fact, the more it will cost, the better, in some respects, because it will impress upon those main taxpayers, who have to pay for this as for everything else, the necessity of a free and comprehensive regular garbage system. The matter of keeping this port clean should not have to be left in the initiative of private citizens but should be a matter for the municipality at large. The necessity for a free garbage system in a city such as this is so apparent that the wonder is anyone can be found to argue against it or oppose it in any way.

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A correspondent in one of the afternoon papers calls attention to the habit some of the crews of rapid transit cars have of jerking their particular car away from junction points just a minute ahead of the arrival of other cars, the result being that there are frequently mad men and women scattered along the right-of-way, each holding a transfer in his or her hand and waiting, waiting, waiting. I sympathize more or less with this correspondent. I have had the misfortune myself to see the car I wanted sailing away just as the car I was on came to a stop. I have joined the others in wondering just why, for instance, a King street car at Pawa Junction should run to the end of the long switch and wait there, instead of waiting at the junction and picking up passengers from the Beretania and Panahou cars.

Of course, cars have to run on a fixed schedule and can not be held up at all the junction points, but it seems to me that a rule might be laid down that one car should at least wait for another one in sight. That people do miss their transfers by seconds is a fact to be demonstrated almost any hour at Pawa Junction aforesaid, often because the cars do their waiting at the switch ends.

I am one of those who believes that if everything else in the city were run as well as the business of the rapid transit this would be a model town, but even with the transit company there are some things at which even a good natured man may kick.

Small Talks

DELEGATE KUHIO.—Dee-gusted!

JOHN COLBURN.—What's the bowl if Kuhio does come back, eh?

W. H. BABBITT.—Manila is the greatest place for fishing I ever heard of. JAMES W. PRATT.—I could have rented twenty houses from the one little want ad. I inserted in The Advertiser this week. Those little ads bring returns.

SOAPBOX BARRON (from Maui).—Inform the baseball public I will be there with the long, wild, loud noise Sunday, June 16—and remember when I hit Hilo there was an earthquake.

HARBORMASTER POSTER.—There is absolutely no truth in the rumor that I am to resign my position and go to work for Erhorn catching white ants on the city's wharves. I am not one to be told to consider his ways and be wise.

C. J. HUTCHINS.—I have given up active business and am living a quiet, retired life in Berkeley. We have just come down to Honolulu for a visit, but I may gobble up something before I go back. No, I'm not going to live here again.

JOHNNY MARTIN.—Hi, see as 'ow Walter G. Smith wants to 'ave 'O-nolu-hu has a girl wif a scrubbing brush hand a bit 'o soap him 'er and. Why not a paint brush hand a pot 'o 'armonious color. Hi tell you, paint 'ides many a 'ideos bit 'o dirt.

JACK LUCAS.—Whoever told The Advertiser the history of Captain Long's watch, given him for the Saginaw rescue by the American government, got his wires twisted. John Long, who has the watch now, is no relation to Captain Long. I remember when that watch was sold at auction.

CHAIRMAN CAMPBELL.—I am very glad the contracts for the Hilo wharf and dredging were awarded and disposed of during my term of office. It is a project on which I have spent much time and I am glad to see that all projects will soon be under way and that Hilo will get one of the best wharves in the city.

CAPTAIN CAREUTHERS of the U. S. S. Itala.—This is a great port all right. I never had to pay so many pilot and harbormaster's fees in the forty-two years I have followed the sea. The people are the slowest and don't care when things get done. Nobody cares a hang about anything. Glad I'll soon be in Melbourne.

ROBERT F. GREEN.—Every tree on the outside rows at Thomas Square has sticking out of it the nails used to hold up the ropes which were strung for the recent fair. In addition to the dangers of torn clothes that these nails provide, they are just about the right height to tear eyes out of playing children. Whoever is responsible ought to get busy with a nail-puller before there is a nasty accident.

CHARLES N. MARQUEZ.—After talking with some men on the Coast who ought to know what's doing in politics, I have returned with the impression that neither Taft nor Roosevelt will get the nomination, but that the wires are laid to pull former Governor Hughes' hat into the ring at the last moment, and that the convention will put him up as the standard bearer of the Republican party. By so doing both factions will be pacified, as everybody agrees that there is nothing the matter with Justice Hughes.

TERRITORIAL TREASURER CONKLING.—The dog-catchers will be around soon, I understand. I believe in the interest of public betterments, a subscription should be voluntarily offered by downtown people to purchase a collar and official tag for Absalom, the houn' dog, who is one of the wards of the city. A collar and tag should also be provided for Absalom's tag and constant companion, the little dog. It would hurt nobody to let Absalom live in peace, for he was once a member of the pack of hounds which were brought here by a former jailer to track down criminals. At least, that is the story I have heard.

No Cause for Despair

We are not headed for smash. "We'll stand the storm, it won't be long; we'll anchor by and by." There is nothing in the possibilities at Chicago, at Baltimore, nor yet later at the polls in November, of a nature to cause a panic, says the Washington Star. The old ship of state has ridden out far worse weather, and is sound today from stem to stern.

The winds are high and the waters rough, and some folks are going below. But many are on deck, and will remain there. They are seasoned sailors, and know their business. They may be depended upon to do their duty in any and all circumstances, and that means safety.

Nobody is enjoying the experience. It would have been better if we could have escaped the storm. But we have run into it, and while it lasts we must be alert to the requirements.

Equally wrong is it for anybody to bemoan the debate between Mr. Taft and Mr. Roosevelt as if personal severities were a new thing in our politics. The debate is regrettable enough, but there is history far from edifying in connection with assaults made on many of Mr. Taft's predecessors in the office of President.

Speaking at Albany Wednesday night, Judge Herrick, a Democratic candidate for governor of New York, said: "If this"—the debate—"is one of the results of so-called progressiveness, give me the old-fashioned method that produced men like Washington, Adams, Jefferson, Madison, Jackson, Lincoln, Grant, Harrison, Cleveland and McKinley."

"The old-fashioned method" produced no man who escaped the partisan or the factional scourge. We speak now of "the immaculate Washington." He was denounced in his day as hypocrite and public enemy. "Old Hickory" has been apotheosized. In his day not even his domestic affairs escaped scurrility. Mr. Lincoln was traduced in the most abhorrent way, and Mr. McKinley was pictured as a spineless creature helpless in the hands of Mr. Hanna.

It is all deplorable enough, but does not mark demoralization or decay. We started that way, and simply have kept up the liek. We may outgrow it. Certainly we should try to do so. But let no man reason from the bad habit that it is a sign of thorough unworthiness.

In some quarters Mr. Taft is censured for responding in person to the assaults of his opponent. As they seemed to grow in violence and injustice because of his silence, he was forced into his course; and having entered upon it he has simply carried himself with the directness and energy called for by the occasion.

CONDENSED NEWS FROM COAST FILES

The Eutaw house at Baltimore and Eutaw restaurant, the oldest history in Baltimore, was damaged to the extent of \$75,000 by fire which started in the basement from an explosion of unknown origin. All guests escaped.

Dr. James Munyon has purchased at Tarrytown, New York the former summer home of Mark Twain at Tarrytown, New York. The sale of the estate to John D. Rockefeller has been several times reported. It is valued at about \$200,000.

Upton Sinclair is reported by the German papers to be making an inquiry into German conditions. He is stopping with friends on the lakes near Potsdam, and it is said that he will tour Germany on foot and afterward write a graphic account of the German tramps.

The fortieth anniversary of the arrival in Japan of Henry Loomis, civil war veteran, entomologist, Presbyterian missionary, and agent of the American Bible society for thirty years, was celebrated in Yokohama with the unveiling of a memorial tablet in Shiloh church.

The question of establishing a national bureau of police which will act as a clearing house for the police departments throughout the United States, will be discussed at the convention of the International Association of Chiefs of Police, which will convene at Toronto July 9.

Dr. W. H. Olds, a pioneer physician of Spokane, Washington, was shot and killed by his wife. He was sixty years old and his wife is twenty-nine. She alleges that he reached home showing signs of having been drinking. When he began abusing her, she says she took a rifle and shot him.

Word was received at Seattle of the death in Phoenix, Arizona, of Howard H. Lewis, a prominent Seattle attorney and real estate man. For a number of years he was a member of the Washington territorial supreme court. He went to Arizona several months ago because of ill health.

Practical jokers who delight in trick cigars that explode will have to forego this form of amusement in Massachusetts hereafter. The state police have forbidden their manufacture or sale, including them comprehensively under the rules governing the storage of fireworks and blasting materials.

Michael Connors, who shot John Murphy at Willimantic, Connecticut, because the latter had displaced him as superintendent of a factory, committed suicide in a police cell by hanging himself to the cell door with a belt strap. Murphy at the same hour was dying at a hospital a few doors away.

Edward Heath, a young man of New York who tried to ride a "new amusement contrivance" called "The Wooden Donkey" at Coney Island was thrown to the floor, landing on his head. His skull was fractured and he died in the arms of a young woman who had accompanied him to the amusement park.

Mrs. Alice Walsh, at one time a well-known actress, the mother of Flora Walsh, the actress who married Charles Hoyt, the playwright, died at her home in Brooklyn of heart disease. She was born in California fifty-seven years ago. In early life she played juvenile parts. She organized the first juvenile "Pinafore" company which toured America.

Thieves blew open the safe in the postoffice at St. Clairsville, Ohio, and secured \$12,000 in mail matter and money. They escaped in a team stolen from a nearby stable, abandoning the outfit near Bellaire. The postoffice is in the county building, directly above the vault of the county treasurer, which is reported to have contained \$100,000.

"Under the working of the presidential preference primaries it will be impossible hereafter to nominate a candidate for President who does not possess two things—gall and gab. He must be able to play to the galleries and he must be able to talk," said former Senator Chauncey M. Diefew to a group of senators in the cloakroom at the Capital in Washington.

President Taft pardoned Austin McKinney, convicted at Greenville, South Carolina, in 1901 of selling liquor without a license. It was a unique case in that the defendant was not present at his trial, was wholly unaware of the proceedings and did not even hear of his conviction until eleven years afterward, when he immediately surrendered.

"There is as much religion in not calling a Hebrew a 'sheeney,' an Italian a 'dago,' and a negro a 'dinge,' as there is in chanting Psalm 119," declared Rev. Martinus James, of Brooklyn, Massachusetts, in addressing the Northern Baptist convention, at Des Moines. "Americans are too hasty in their judgment of the immigration question and their feeling of hatred toward the foreigner is too great."

Mrs. Marie Garland, of Boston, has decided to sacrifice the income of \$10,000, which came to her through the will of her husband, in order that she may wed Francis Cushing Green, who

has been her financial adviser and manager since the death of her husband, six years ago. With her coming marriage the income of the estate goes to her three sons. When the trust expires the fortune will be turned over to Harvard College to aid struggling students.

Merritt, the wireless inventor, has brought an action against the editor of a weekly newspaper in Berlin in consequence of the publication of an article containing an alleged erroneous version of the testimony of the wireless inventor before the committee of the United States Senate which investigated the Titanic disaster.

A report made to Police Commissioner Waldo of New York by the harbor squad shows that two severe electrical storms which occurred during the past month brought to the surface of the North and East rivers a total of twenty-eight bodies. Most of them had been in the water for several weeks. Only about half of them have been identified.

A summary of proposed subway constructions in New York city, prepared by city officials, shows that if the plan adopted by the board of estimates is finally carried out to its full extent New York will within five years have a subway and elevated system practically five hundred miles in length. The cost of the proposed new roads is given as \$319,000,000.

The first grand reunion of the blue and gray since the civil war, comprising veterans from every state of the Union who fought on either side, bringing together, it is estimated, an army of seventy thousand men, and every one over three score years, is to mark the celebration of the fiftieth anniversary of the battle of Gettysburg, July 1, 2, 3 and 4, 1913. All states have agreed to the plan.

Gordon Strong, a Chicago real estate dealer, and his wife, who are childless, have determined to put twelve boys on the high road to success. As a beginning they have taken Floyd and Kenneth Keefe, six and two years old, respectively, into their own home and will educate them and train them for useful lives. Mr. Strong intends to take a boy each year, selecting them after careful investigation of their family histories. He believes that by the time he has a family of twelve the oldest boy will be ready to go to college and thus make room for a new arrival.

Friends of Mr. and Mrs. Albert Schmidt, a well-known Alaska couple who set out from Dawson, early in 1908, for the White River Copper district of Alaska, and who have not been heard of since they started to traverse Skolai glacier in the country north of Mount St. Elias, have come to the belief that they were lost in a crevasse on the glacier. For two years the two daughters of Mr. and Mrs. Schmidt have been conducting a thorough search for their parents but have been unable to find anyone who saw them after May 12, 1909, when they left the place of Joe Siggard, a mine owner, at the head of the White River, to cross the glacier.

Following a custom of many years' standing, the midshipmen at Annapolis ducked the editors of the Lucky Bag, the Naval Academy annual, as a punishment for the jokes published at the expense of their comrades. Though the victims fought hard, they were pitched from the sea wall at a point where it was out of the question to scale it, and they had to swim to a raft before making a landing. The editor-in-chief is Harold E. Saunders, honor man of the graduating class and brigade commander. Most of the midshipmen who were ducked were in full uniform, but some had the forethought to don canvas working suits.

A REMINDER.

Do not forget to take Chamberlain's Colic, Cholera and Diarrhoea Remedy with you when starting upon a trip. It can not be obtained on board the trains or steamers and at this season of the year no one can tell when it may be required. For sale at Benson, Smith & Co., Ltd., Agents for Hawaii.

GAMBLING ENDS IN RIOT AND BLOODSHED

DANTE, Virginia, June 8.—Twenty-five miners and mountaineers have been killed in a fight, which commenced in a gambling row.

POISONOUS GASES FROM VOLCANO WRAP FLEEING STEAMER

SEWARD, Alaska, June 10.—The coastwise steamer Dora, reached here yesterday morning and reported having seen the eruption of the volcano Katmai. Her crew had a harrowing experience. For several hours, while the vessel crowded on all speed, she steamed through a hail of falling ashes and a mist of poisonous vapors from the volcano. At times it was almost impossible to see across the decks, so thick were the ashes, and the gases from the crater blinded the eyes and burned the throats of the seamen. Wireless dispatches from the station at Kodiak fail to report any loss of life due to the eruption.

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